

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NW AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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THE GIANT OF INDIFFERENCE BLOCKING THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY. (See page 8.)

BIBLE CHARACTERS

PILATE THE COWARD.

By Colonel Hay, British Chief Secretary.

Pilate was only one of the many Roman Governors scattered throughout the mighty Roman Empire, yet he stands forth to-day the most notorious of them all. His publicity was secured by his association with Jesus—the circumstances under which he met Him; the splendid chance he had of acknowledging Him before the whole world; and the cowardly, vacillating act that rang down the curtain on his life.

When Pilate first got in touch with the Jews they were groaning under the conqueror's yoke; yet they were full of expectation and hope. The prophecies of the past seemed to be ripening for fulfilment; all were expecting a Deliverer to appear; and varied though their ideas were as to His character and work, yet nationally they hoped they would soon see the last of Pilate and the Romans, through the advent of their promised Deliverer.

The prophecy was fulfilled. Judea and Samaria had signs and miracles on every hand proving that God had come in the flesh. The natural result was that the whole country was thrown into excitement—priests and people, believers and sceptics. Under such startling circumstances Pilate stood as the central figure so far as government was concerned. The movement of the mob, the statements and criticisms of the learned, the envy of the priests, would in due course travel to the ears of Pilate, and he must wisely rule these people by turning all these affairs to the best account.

It has been said that "when a prominent statesman has a conscience, it is very inconvenient." Pilate had a conscience, and a careful perusal of the Gospel narrative encourages the belief that it was set to work. He had seen the great contrast between the meek Jesus and this noisy, yet mysterious, Being. The manner of His teaching, and the effect of it, was very different from anything he had known since he dwelt in Judea, and, haughty Roman though he was, we dare to think that he was very much awakened on the whole question. If that first alarm of conscience—that first revelation, however dim, in regard to the Saviour of men—had been seized and followed by Pilate, what might we have had to record? Converted and inspired by actual contact with Jesus, what an apostle to the Romans he might have made. Alas! how different was the result.

Envy and bitter hate at length brought Jesus before him, and he appears to have honestly tried to appease the Jews. He was personally satisfied that they had no real complaint against Him; and, as far as he could, he argued with them, and tried to prevent their mad envy injuring the innocent. But these Jews, when thoroughly aroused, were so impetuous, so maddened by prejudice and jealousy, that even from the first it looked as if he could not stand against them.

They wished to obtain the authority of the Emperor's representative to put Jesus out of the way. Pilate commences the examination by asking Him, "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" Again when the chief priests and elders maintained their accusations, he enquires of Him, "Hearest Thou not how many things they witness against Thee?" Then Pilate marvels greatly that He does not answer. Next we have the question addressed to the mob, "Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?" When Pilate sat down to give judgment, his wife sends a message to him: "Have thou nothing to do with that just Man." Finally, when the crowd are demanding that Christ be crucified, he tries to corner them—"Why, what evil hath He done?"

It is the story of a weak, vacillating man even to the washing of his hands accompanied

by the expression, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person." Such a testimony that Jesus was being unjustly condemned only served the more strikingly to show the feebleness of Pilate. Why should he yield to the Jews if he was convinced that they had no case against Him? Pilate had the Roman legions at his back, and could have stamped the crowd down by sheer force, and secured the triumph of his own opinion. But he was paralyzed by the fear of the Jews; and because he wished to be right with Caesar, right with the Jews, and right with Jesus at one and the same time, he tried the middle course and tried to please all. While he will not pronounce for Jesus, he tries to say nice things about Him! Ultimately he delivered Him up to them to be crucified, thus missing his great opportunity, and losing what might have been for himself the beginning of eternal glory.

What was the effect on Pilate? No man misses his opportunity to follow Jesus without the most vital effect on himself. The world will never know the actual whirl of conflict that occupied the Governor's mind that April morning. How many times did his conscience say, "Declare for Jesus; set Him free! Scatter the Jews! Follow this holy Saviour; love Him and serve Him?"

His poor wife—perhaps she was satisfied that Pilate did not personally condemn Jesus. How would she have felt if he had openly declared for Him? Had he children? How would the example of their father affect them? Great as were the consequences to his wife, to his children, to his officers and servants, they were greater to himself. He had played the coward; he had violated his conscience; and he had lost his great chance with the Saviour of men. He had seen God in the flesh; had questioned Him; had looked into His blameless, holy face; had felt as if he would like to stand by His side and declare for Him, and yet the whole thing ends in weakness, cowardice, and condemnation.

You have read of Pilate, and perhaps felt very strongly that he deserved all the hatred and bitterness that subsequent ages have poured upon him. Strange, however, that many who condemn him without hesitation, lightly and thoughtlessly forget their own actions. What about your treatment of Jesus? Pilate's was a very limited light compared to that which you enjoy. He was hindered much by his early associations; your advantages have been almost lifelong. Yet you are still hesitating as to what you shall do with "This Man." You have tried to be friends all round; but it has been at the expense of your peace with God, and at the sacrifice of your Lord. Even the little children around you have discovered that you want to be a friend of the world, and yet claim the smile of the Saviour.

In plain words, you are not saved. You are not a true soldier. Perhaps you go as far as Pilate's wife did, and say a good many nice things about Jesus; but will you stand for Him whether the mob blesses or curses? Will you accompany Him on the lonely way up Calvary? Will you declare for Him in your office in the city; in the shipyard; in the factory; alone, quite alone? Or will your character go down to your friends and neighbors as that of another undecided soul who feared and hesitated, and finally abandoned Jesus?

Pilate made his decision against great odds. His public reputation was very precious to him. To lose it by a definite avowal of Jesus Christ would have brought the world about his ears. You have only had a trifling worldly gain; in fact, you have lost salvation and the comfort of this world into the bargain. Cowardice cannot pay in the long run! You say you are doing kind little things for His people. So did Pilate; he granted the body of Jesus to Joseph of Arimathea when he might have refused it.

Has your voice ever been raised for Him? Or are you still among the shrinking, fearing, silent ones who hear the babblings and pro-

bably the cursings of the crowd against Him, yet still withhold their living voice that ought to be raised on His behalf?

Backslider, yours has been a sad experience. You went as far as Peter, and said you would die for your Lord. Your retreat from following Him has been bitter and sorrowful in the extreme. But whether the fear of consequences, of friends, or of the world has caused you to sacrifice your Saviour, resolve, I beseech you, that you will not allow another day to pass without your returning to Him. Get the heart of the coward taken out of you. Cowardice had a lot to do with Pilate's dread full failure; probably it accounts for the greater part of yours. Dare to be a soldier! Dare to stand alone!

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER," BUT BETTER NEVER LATE.

Jack was always late for band-practice, open-air, or indoor meeting. But, of course, according to his own explanation, "for reasons over which he had no control." You may be sure this habit of his, for truly it had become a habit, made it just a bit awkward for the band, and many a pun was made by the rest of the bandsmen at Jack's expense, but it seemed to make little difference, for he always "hove in sight" just a few seconds or a few minutes behind the time appointed. Jack, besides giving us many an anxious minute by his lateness, often convulsed us with mirth. One occasion in particular I remember. The band had been asked to visit a neighboring corps. It was necessary to take the boat, which left at half-past two one Saturday afternoon.

"Is everybody aboard?" said the Band-Sergeant, who had the tickets, just as the final whistle blew.

"Yes," came a reply, with the exception of Jack.

There were immediately a couple of dozen anxious faces peering over the side of the boat to catch a glimpse of the belated one.

"There he is," shouted a keen-eyed bandsman, "coming down the street pell-mell."

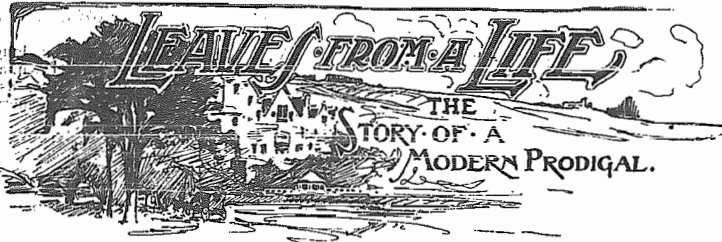
Sure enough we could see Jack about on eighth of a mile off, running as fast as his legs could carry him, for the boat, his face as red as a boiled lobster, and all but exhausted. He had hardly reached the wharf before the boat was released from her moorings. It certainly looked as though he was going to be left behind, but hurriedly obeying a command to throw his instrument to the Bandmaster, and then throwing himself on the railings of the boat, a couple of stalwart bandsmen soon had him in safety on deck, minus a button or two and a little extra grime he had got in the performance.—M.

DOES THIS MAN EXIST?

Think of anyone calling him—If a child of God—a disciple of Jesus Christ—who, with all the misery of the world full in view, could deliberately choose to spend his time, talents, and means in making money, seeking pleasure, courting fame, lying on a bed of ease, or walking about among flowers, instead of devoting himself and all his energies to the task of moving some of this temporal and eternal misery from the crushed hearts bleeding themselves to death at his very doors!

BEAUTIFUL THEORIES USELESS.

Should we not hate a man who was always setting forth his beautiful theories of truth if his life was a continual falsehood? Or a man who was constantly enlarging on honesty while known to be a practical thief? Or a boaster in the beauty and value of benevolence when he was seen to be a practical miser? If the theory, unaccompanied by practice, is such an abomination in earthly things, what must it be when associated with those eternal questions which are measureless in value?



Chapter I.—Born in Luxury.

Births.

On Feb. 18th, 187—, at the residence of ———, to Sir and Lady S ———, a son.

A simple announcement, forsooth, but what a wealth of meaning.

Another frail bark of humanity launched on life's tumultuous sea, another wee mite born into this world, perhaps to influence for good—or evil.

How many of us, as we murmur our often unfelt congratulations to the happy pair, ever stop to think of the serious side of the occurrence?

We scarcely realize that perchance that helpless, struggling, pink morsel of flesh and blood may one day wield a pen or sword as a power in our land, and yet it is so.

Well, in the year 187—, in a manufacturing town in the north of England, amid sumptuous surroundings, even to every trifling nick-nack wealth could possibly purchase, there saw the light of day just such a gasping, kicking fleshling as has been born almost every day since our globe was inhabited.

It is my purpose with you, my dear reader, permission—provided you have sufficient patience—to select this particular babe out of the many thousands and watch his career, and try to amuse and interest you with incidents from his varied experiences, in the hope that you may derive some material help, advice, or encouragement from the perusal of the inner pages of a human being's life.

Now, it so happened that the father of this babe was a titled gentleman, and consequently the advent of the youngster was a signal for great rejoicing and acclaim.

On the occasion of the anniversary of his first natal day, had he been able to speak, no doubt he would have expressed his undisguised annoyance and disgust at the seeming frivolous and unnecessary conduct of his elders.

In the first place, the lovely, expansive lawns of "Snugboro," his father's residence, were most cruelly robbed of their beauty by the erection of large marquees and tents, surmounted by gaily-colored flags and banners, with the choicest of hothouse flowers fashioned into garlands as "bon mots" in the decoration.

The military band from a neighboring garrison town to enchant the hours by playing stirring selections, which only frightened our babe into fretful sobs, and the final presentation of a silver knife, fork, and spoon, suitably inscribed, increased sobs to tears.

So you see he thoroughly enjoyed the festivities on his behalf in a truly British fashion.

Oh, hanny pet of society, not yet a "lion," but verily a cub, was he not to be envied?

Squires, dames, bankers, merchants, bishops, priests, and deacons, and last, but not least, a Member of Parliament, vied with each other in predicting a brilliant future for the young scion of a noble house, and yet, ungrateful youngster, he must needs grace the proceedings with tears!

Well, perhaps one can understand it. I fancy I myself would have cried had I heard those eloquent utterances, so delightfully deceitful, for hardly one was truly sincere.

For convenience sake I propose christening for the nonce our laddie "Curley," for he had a wealth of brown waving curls, the pride of his mother's heart, the nuisance of his noble self's toilet, and the anxious welfare of his patient nurse.

Now Curley had made his first public bow,

or rather I ought to say appearance, for his bow was but the crowing sway of infancy—so great and excited a sway that the dear little chap narrowly escaped immersion in a delicious blanc-mange, in which he was taking a very inquisitive interest.

His life was only spent just now as is the life of most rich babies. He was washed, puffed, and powdered like a society belle, and finally dressed in his long, creamy-white gowns and taken for a ride in his mamma's



"Excuse me, but what are you doing here?"

carriage in the park, and all his part of this parade was to keep diligently quiet.

But as he grew older these seemingly necessary parades became more interesting to him, and as speech came to our little curly-headed chap he developed an abnormal sense of importance, and at the early age of nine years he one day accosted the late Duke of C., who was strolling across the park of Curley's grandfather, Sir T ——— S ———, to pay a visit, with the query, pitched in a voice of great dignity, "Excuse me, but what are you doing here?"

My Lord asked the little fellow who he was, and in reply received:

"Don't you know me? I'm Freddie. Who are you? You have no right here."

"Well, who's Freddie?" asked the Duke.

"Oh, dust Freddie, you know—grandad's little tailor."

The acquaintance once begun did not end in that stroll across the park, in which the Duke of C. gathered sundry information about his host that he had never heard before, and which appeared to amuse him, for he laughed long and loudly.

He knew how Sir T. S. had christened his grandson, "his little tailor," because of his habit of sitting curled up in a easy chair with his legs crossed, and how Curley was indignant at Crofts, the groom, because he swore at him one day for riding his pony unbridled and unsaddled.

In the recital of his little griefs and troubles was commenced a friendship with his "big brudder," as Curley called the Duke later on, that was continued till the "big brudder's" untimely end on active service.

One of the qualities that Curley possessed was that of "wanting to know," and one fine day he was "helping Mary" (the housemaid) upstairs, and in his mother's dressing-room he discovered a small, round cardboard box, and to his delight he discovered it contained "sweeties," dear little round white ones, so sweet.

With a shriek of glee he swallowed the entire contents, only to change his glee into rage and grief as he staggered out to Mary, with his tongue protruding and his eyes filled with tears. Pills!

Alas! that quality brought him very many troubles; even with his pet toy terrier he was not completely satisfied till he had investigated his animal's bowels. One summer afternoon, his mother (what patience that mother must have had!) was startled by a shriek from the drawing-room, and on going in she found Curley seated on the rug holding the terrier's tail in his little mouth!

"What are you doing?" asked mamma.

"Oh, I've only biting Moise's tail," quoth Curley.

Moise's correct name was Maurice, but Curley's speech was then like it is to-day, somewhat impeded.

It happened that Curley had been playing with Maurice, and in fun the doggie had snapped at him, and of course Curley considered he had a perfect right to bite, too.

Now, early in Curley's life he was taken to Ireland, and became a thorough Paddy in consequence.

He persisted in going for a row on the Shannon, and caught "crabs" with a zeal that surprised even his native oarsman; he helped biddies galore to pick gooseberries, and even when he caught the brim of his hat in the bush and it unwound, and Curley went toddling up the pathway with yard upon yard of straw trailing behind him, he took it as but a natural result of gooseberry picking.

The impressions Curley received of Ireland never really stayed in his memory, but one event has never left him. That was his, what I might call, "trial christening."

Curley's father was an intimate friend of a prominent atheist of that day, Chas. ———

and of an English M.P. who at the present day is well-known as the proprietor and editor of a journal devoted to the exposure of frauds and swindles, and they came to dine with Sir —, Curley's father, in Dublin, proceeding to a great Liberal meeting afterwards.

Curley was brought into the meeting, and here he made his first public political speech. I say "public" political speech advisedly, for in the privacy of his father's sanctum he had often given vent to his ideas on government and reform, but this was his "maiden" public speech, and was characteristic of his ideas of etiquette and behavior.

As he was escorted up the corridor to the platform there was a complete silence, for he was somewhat of an attractive personage, in his velvet suit and knickers, with Irish lace collar and curly head. He was followed by the indispensable terrier, Maurice, and when he was recognized as the "Major's" son there burst forth a flood of cheers, for, be it known, "the Major" was Curley's father, and a prime favorite with the constituents of Cork.

On his arrival on the platform he meekly looked up into the face of his father and asked what the people were shouting for, and when his father said they were cheering him, he took offence, and turning to the audience he commenced to speak.

That settled it! Not expecting to hear the "young master" speak, the peasantry burst into yet another prolonged cheer.

Curley's tiny face grew red, and he seemed almost about to burst with anger, and when he finally was allowed to speak the spluttered for a moment, but at last the flow came:

"Bejabers, ye illigant spalpeens, for what are ye howling at me for? Sure, I now hate the sight of ye. Good luck to ye and bad luck to myself, that is and may we both be wrong. Och, ye ought to have more manners than to scare a little chap like meself, that's trying to do ye good by axing me father to vote for the doctor, so that ye'll be made gentlemen instead of raming spalpeens as won't give an English gentleman a fair play."

Needless to say, Pat took all this in good part, and audience and speakers laughed till they almost cried.

Poor little Curley could not make it out, and was discomfited all the afternoon.

After the meeting was over Curley was taken into an ante-room with all the speakers, and Sir — was asked what he intended to call his son. However, after much lively discussion it was agreed that he should be christened after the English M.P. who was present.

A glass of port wine was procured, and he was placed in front of his father and the M.P. Curley was crossed in approved Irish fashion on the forehead and was duly named after his godfather.

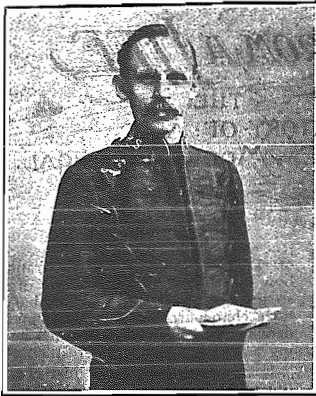
Shortly after this Curley's happiness was spoiled by a very distressing incident—an incident that materially altered his whole after life.

His mother, for whom, despite his mischief, he had a very great, passionate love, was completely prostrated by the blow. To Curley 'twas a period of excitement, fun, and joyous liberty, but through all he was thoroughly confused. His childish mind could not grasp the meaning of his poor mother's sorrowful looks, and her hours of weeping and sadness, where before all had been gaiety and happiness.

Ah, poor Curley, you had a lot to learn!
(To be continued.)

SINGING.

When the Almighty endowed the human voice with sweetness, compass, flexibility, and power to sing, and made it capable of giving expression to every emotion of the heart, uniting all in beauteous harmony, can we doubt that by cultivating the powers thus bestowed, we are not only best consulting our own happiness, but rendering to their Giver the acceptable tribute of obedience?—Taylor.



Commissioner Pollard, Chief Secretary to the Chief of Staff.

"THE BRITISH WEEKLY," LONDON.

Learn from other fishermen! Other men will never make us fishers, but they may make us better fishers. If we have the rudimentary gift their experience may help to enrich it. Let us turn to the expert fishermen and see if their ways and methods can give us helpful counsel. John Wesley was a great fisher. Can we learn anything from him? Dr. Alexander Whyte has told us how he has made a patient and laborious study of John Wesley's journals for the purpose of classifying all the texts upon which the great preacher built his evangel. Is not that a splendid discipline for anyone who wishes to become skilful in the great ministry? What did Wesley preach about? And how did he fit his messages to the changing circumstances of his varying spheres? The Salvation Army has a great body of expert fishers. They lack many things, but they catch fish. How do they do it? We may dislike many of their ways, but what is it in their ministry which enables them to win multitudes for their Lord? What was the secret of Finney and Moody? And what is it about Torrey which constrains the people to become disciples of the Christ? Let us set about this investigation like men who wish to do great business for the Lord. Let us eagerly pick up any hints which these highly endowed and experienced men may be able to give us.—Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A.

What man is so rich in intellectual possessions that he can afford to dispise the smallest fragment of truth? Nature has not denied legs to those creatures whom she hath endowed with wings; neither can the soaring imagination wisely leave unvisited the solid ground of fact whereon science is extending her possessions. Like the birds, she must come down to feed, if she would be strong on the wing.



Commissioner Kilboy, in charge of our work in South Africa.

His Mother Made Him.

A wealthy business man, not long ago, made a short visit to his native town, a tiny little place, and while there, was asked to address a Sunday School on the general subject of success in life.

"But I don't know that I have anything to say, except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered.

"Your very example would be inspiring, if you would tell the story of your life," said the superintendent. "Are you not a self-made man?"

"I don't know about that."

"Why, I've heard all about your early struggles. You went into Mr. Wheelwright's office when you were only ten —"

"So I did! So I did! But my mother got me the place, and while I was there she did all my washing and mending, saw that I had something to eat, and when I got discouraged told me to cheer up and remember that tears were for babies."

"While you studied by yourself —"

"Oh, no; bless you, no! Not by myself! Mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she beat up her cakes for breakfast. I remember one night I got so discouraged I dashed my writing book, ugly with pot-hooks and trammels, into the fire, and she burnt her hands in pulling it out."

"Well it was certainly true, wasn't it, that as soon as you saved a little money, you invested in fruit, and began to peddle it out on the evening train?"

The rich man's eyes twinkled and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollection.

"Yes," he said, "and I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. Perhaps that might do the Sunday School good. The second lot of apples I bought for peddling were speckled and wormy. I had been cheated by the man of whom I bought them, and I could not afford the loss. The night after I discovered they were unfit to eat, I crept down cellar and filled my basket as usual."

"They look very well on the outside," I thought, "and perhaps none of the people who buy them will come this way again. I'll sell them, and just as soon as they are gone I'll get some sound ones."

"Mother was singing about the kitchen as I came up the cellar stairs. I hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of unsound fruit, but in the twinkling of an eye she was upon me."

"Ned," she said in her clear voice, "what are you going to do with those speckled apples?"

"Se-sell them," stammered I, ashamed to advance.

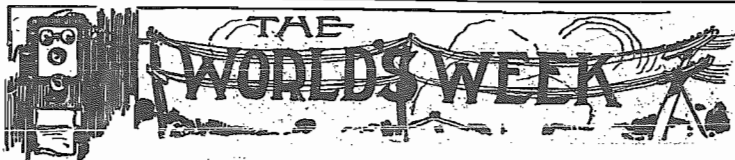
"Then you'll be a cheat, and I will be ashamed to call you my son," she said promptly. "Oh, to think you could dream of such a sneaking thing as that!"

"Then she cried, and I cried, and—I've never been tempted to cheat since. No, sir! I haven't anything to say in public about my early struggles, but I wish you'd remind you boys and girls every Sunday that their mothers are doing far more for them than they do for themselves. Tell them, too, to pray that those dear women may live long enough to enjoy some of the prosperity they have won for their children—for mine didn't." Youth's Companion.

MORE HEART WANTED!

The cold-bloodedness and heartlessness of a great deal of so-called Christianity has operated more against success than all other opposing forces put together. People who think our religion is a trade, or a form, or an outside thing, turn from us with contempt. If we want to win the world for God we must have something more tender, more human, more Christlike. We want more heart.

Know thyself and then forget thyself, is the unalterable condition of spiritual power. Losing ourselves in God.—Wharton.



Canadian Cuttings.

The Government of British Columbia have decided to issue immediately licenses for prospecting for oil and coal on the two famous blocks in southeast Kootenay long held under reserve for railway purposes.

Sir Wilfred Laurier announced that a bill would be introduced this session specifying that every railway company in Canada must have a majority of British subjects on its board of directors.

Alex. Hassard, of Weyburn district, Man., jumped from a rig with a chisel in his pocket. The tool cut an artery in his arm, and the young man bled to death.

Miss Pearl Geauvreau, of Barretville, saved herself from burning to death when her clothes caught fire by jumping into a ditch full of water.

U. S. Siftings.

Six people were killed and twelve injured in an accident on an electric railway near Norwalk, Ohio.

President Roosevelt has appointed a commission to investigate charges against the Governor and judges of Alaska.

Mrs. Samuel M. Clemens, wife of Mark Twain, died at Florence, Italy.

As the result of a plot twelve miners were killed by an explosion of dynamite near Cripple Creek, Col.

The Kaw River, Kansas, and its tributaries are in flood, and much damage is being done.

An explosion which occurred in the eleven-story warehouse of the *Continental Store*, Peoria, Ill., the second largest in the world, completely wrecked the building. The ruins took fire, and the flames were communicated to three adjacent buildings, burning them to the ground. Ten men were buried beneath the ruins and burned to death, and six others were seriously injured. The loss on buildings and whiskey and spirits stored will approximate \$7,000,000. The fire spread to the stock yards district, where a dozen large cattle barns, filled with cattle for market, were burned.

British Affairs.

The report of negotiations for an Anglo-American arbitration treaty has no foundation.

The Thibetans have again refused to come to a peaceable agreement with the British mission.

Eighteen thousand persons attended the Cobden centenary meeting at Alexandra Palace, London.

The British Government has no intention of proposing the adoption of a system of conscription, as recommended by a royal commission.

The Thibetans attacked the village of Palla, held by the British, but were easily repulsed.

International Items.

It is reported that men are being enlisted in Mongolia to aid the Thibetans against the British.

The Moorish brigands demand \$55,000, besides certain concessions, for the release of Messrs. Perdicar and Varley, American and British subjects respectively, who were recently kidnapped.

The French naval budget provides approximately \$60,000,000.

A treaty of arbitration between Spain and Portugal has been signed.

Extensive petroleum fields have been discovered near the coast of the Cameroons.

It is alleged that Emperor William and the Czar have entered into a personal pact to preserve peace between Germany and Russia.

The Battle of Kinchow.

Eyewitnesses say that at midday of the 26th, the Kinchow isthmus presented an unprecedented military spectacle, with 40,000 Japanese troops massed behind the western spur of Mount Sampson, and under small cover. While within 2,000 yards of the Russian works there was so little room to deploy for attack that battalions of Japanese infantry had to stand waiting in the sea the whole time. It was a veritable inferno of all arms, and shells from the Russian batteries ploughed into the serried masses around Kinchow, the Japanese guns replying as battery after battery came into action from the Chilichwang and Kauchiyang flats, while a sustained fire from the gunboats kept the line of the Russian works fringed with bursting projectiles.

About midday, when the energy of the Russian defenders in the works in front of Mauchiaying village seemed to be exhausted by the gunboat fire, which had driven the gunners from their pieces, two Japanese battalions appeared over the saddle between the twin peaks. They were to make a desperate effort to carry the nearest Russian works. At first the straggling walls of Mauchiaying gave them some cover, under which they had a moment's breathing space. Then the gallant little infantrymen pressed on again up the breast of the slopes of the Russian position. It was an impossible task, as the defenders were not yet sufficiently shaken. An avalanche of concentrated fire from the infantry in the trenches, machine guns in the Russian works, and the "defences" struck the Japanese. They melted away from the glacis like solder before a blow flame. A few who seemed to have charmed lives struggled on till they reached the wire entanglements. It was a vain, if heroic, effort, for within fifteen minutes these two battalions had ceased to exist except as a trail of mutilated bodies at the foot of the Russian glacis.

Seeing the failure of this attack, the gunboats and supporting artillery concentrated their whole fire upon one point, where General Oku was determined to drive home his wedge, and by evening the works were practicable for a General who had such infantry as the Japanese, and was prepared to take the responsibility for such fearful losses. It would seem as if the actual carrying of the works had been another Alma. One work gave way after waiting for the bayonet attack, and then the whole of the Russian works went over to the Japanese, the Russians retiring before them.

Otherwise there is little reliable war news on hand. The Japanese are settling down to the siege of Port Arthur, which the Russians are determined to defend at all cost. There have been rumors of a Russian gunboat being blown up, and of four Japanese being sunk, but no official confirmation is to hand.

Immigration Returns.

From the immigration returns of the British Board of Trade, Canada seems to have held her own well during the four months ending April 30th, as compared with the other colonies.

The report shows an increase for Canada of over 1,000, while Australia and New Zealand show no increase. They receive about one-seventh of the number that came to this country.

There is a decrease in the movement to South Africa of about 7,000, and the other colonies remain about the same, the travel being a very light one.

Out of a total given by the Board of Trade of 36,593 having left the British Isles for her colonies since Jan. 1st, 22,599 are reported as

sailing to Canada, and notwithstanding the total decrease of over 5,000 for the four months, there is an increase of over 1,000 from the British Isles to Canada. The Board of Trade returns show all classes of travel, but the returns are a fair indication of the movement of British people.

OLD No. I.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire's last Sunday previous to his departure to the International Congress was spent, in company with the old veteran Salvationist, Staff-Capt. Manton, at the old No. I. corps, and a grand, good time they experienced. The barracks was gorged with people, three seekers came forward, and the collections were away up.

The subject of the morning was "Pentecost." The Holy Spirit brooded over the meeting. In the afternoon the Colonel gave an account of his life and his travels, "One Hundred Thousand Miles by Land and Sea," much to the interest and profit of those present. We were glad to see and hear Ensign White, from the far West.

"A Voice from Calvary" was the theme at night. The Holy Spirit worked much upon the hearts of the people, and victory crowns the labors of the day.

Staff-Capt. Manton was in his element and was dancing happy all day. Capt. Manton welcomed the corps gave the evangelists a come back again.

♦ ♦ ♦ spent here, and a large crowd put in a return visit from the were delighted to have a return visit from the meet- Colonel and Staff apt. Manton. The meeting was a real treat, full of life and vim. ing was a real treat, full of life and vim. "Daniel" was the subject. A young lady of the talent came and surrendered her life to the claims of Jehovah. Hallelujah!—J. S. P.

BRIGADIER ARCHIBALD AT THE TEMPLE.

on Sunday night, were specially favored visit from their old friend and comrade, Major Archibald—pardon, I should say "Brigadier," these merited promotions confuse one for a while—who, as he so quaintly remarked, has of late been much in prison.

If only Brigadier Archibald could be persuaded to record his volumes of reminiscences. What splendid reading from so facile and eloquent a speaker would they prove!

Replete with anecdote and story, pithy and true, each and every one pointed and appropriate was our Brigadier's address.

One might say he dwelt on the subject of "Memory." Truly he depicted what pangs of suffering memory can inflict, but another name for "Conscience."

With remarkable pathos, which brought tears to many eyes and conviction to more than one heart, our "Prison Priest" (I won't tell who christened him that) told us the story of a mother whose faith in her guilty son was implicit, and drew a parallel regarding the faith of our Lord, who never for one moment loses hope of the conversion of every sinning soul. God grant that you, reader, may be the next to plead for pardon, as did one poor soul at the conclusion of the Brigadier's touching address.—Fortis et Lenis.

OUR INTERESTS.

Everyone would pursue his own interest, if he knew what it was; and, in fact, everyone does pursue it, but the generality totally mistake it. No man would choose riches before happiness, power before quiet, or fame before safety, if he knew the true value of each; no man would prefer the transitory and worthless enjoyment of this world to the permanent and sublime felicity of a better, if he had a clear prospect of them both; but we see the former through a mist, which always magnifies, and the latter appears to be at so great a distance, that we scarce see it at all; and therefore it makes little impression upon our senses, and has as little influence on our conduct.



HOLINESS.

By Major J. N. Parker.

No. 1.—Heresies About it.

THAT men should oppose the getting and spreading of salvation, the very best thing in all the world, is a thing to be wondered at; especially since its benefits extend not only to this, but the next world, and when everything else is as ashes and dust in comparison to it.

In salvation is to be found the only riches that go further than the grave; pleasures that never die; white robes the fashion of the ages; honors from God, the only fame that frobeyond the grave, and heart education and yesus, the only real light of the world; seek to ren shut it out of their hearts, and benefits, themselves and others against it.

This oppos. that have sprun, is shown in the heresies especially holiness; about salvation, and these wrong ideas about there should be markable, for there is holiness is not re- the Bible about which exely anything in found. Men and devils have are not to be to throw doubt upon the exist, ce of God, the divinity of Jesus, and the inspiration of the Bihle. Thousands who profess to be followers of Jesus leave the Holy Ghost out of their calculations. Some make the Sav- bath a God, and the ordinance a Saviour. Others question the certainty or length of hell or teach annihilation. Others still hold up morality, respectability, wealth, or education as substitutes.

Since there is a hope that there should be about holiness?

What causes these heresies? 1. Men are ignorant about it. There is scarcely anything else in the world that men will not take more pains to learn about than holiness. They spend years in getting an education, learning a trade, or preparing for a profession, but to holiness they scarcely give a thought. This ignorance is so general that almost any notions about holiness are possible.

2. Men's hearts are bad, and this makes them hate holiness and oppose it; for if they did not, it would so commend itself to their better judgment that if honest with themselves, they would have to seek it. This lesire to oppose gives birth to all kinds of wrong ideas about it.

3. The general opposition there is to it. It conflicts with the pet plans, the ambitions lesires, the kinds of business, the pleasures, he fashions, the indulgences that like phanoms men pursue; and the devil says, "All these things will I give you if you will not ave anything to do with holiness." Men sten, and join the sinning heretical multi- udes.

Some of these heresies. 1. Placing holiness o high. This discourages those who are eking it, because they think that such a life impossible; and such a life as they conjure p in their minds is impossible. It also discourages many who are holy, for when they ompare their lives with such ideas of holiness they are led to believe that they were istaken, and never got the blessing at all. e are not to live like God and the angels, or even like Adam; but like holy men.

2. Placing it too low. This opens the door things that may be allowable, but are not ise and sometimes even sin; and makes the ample bad, and gives a chance to others talk about holiness and those who profess

3. That it is impossible to live without sin. ose who say they cannot live without sin e not in a condition to do so, and for anyone

else to live so seems an impossibility. It is only because they are not in a condition to do so that they think such living is impossible. That men can so live, the Bible tells us plainly; then it must be possible to get where they can so live.

4. The world expects the holy to live and be without imperfections. When anyone gets saved, even before they are sanctified, it is expected that they be and act like angels at once; and if they do not, the unsaved, and sometimes even the saved, say, "He is no good; I'm done with him." Every care is taken of a little babe when learning to walk; but if spiritual babes fall, or are even unusually imperfect, they are often, so to speak, kicked into the street and left to die. Now, imperfections and infirmities are not a matter of spirituality at all. They are of the body and mind; but holiness is of the spirit. Paul even gloried in his infirmities.

How we all hate injustice wherever it is found. Would to God that men would be fair in religion. How we admire anyone who deals honestly with us. Will you not be honest in dealing with holiness?

OUR SACRED CHARTER.

BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

16.—Philemon.

Philemon was an inhabitant of Colesce, of some considerable distinction, and a convert of St. Paul (ver. 19). He was a "fellow-laborer," probably only as a zealous layman, though some have thought the expression

His slave, Onesimus, had run away from him to Rome, having, perhaps, been guilty of misappropriation of his master's goods (ver. 18). Falling into Paul's hands, he was converted to Christianity, reclaimed to his duty, and sent back to his master with this letter of reconciliation. It is remarkable for its delicacy, generosity, and justice.

The Apostle maintains civil rights (even of slavery) confessing that Onesimus, though under the liberty of the Gospel, is still the slave of Philemon, and justly liable to punishment for desertion.

The damage caused by his absconding Paul takes upon himself, playfully using his name "Onesimus" (profitable to thee and to me) as a means of urging his suit for pardon.

As the returning slave was the bearer also of the epistle to the Colossians, it was probably written at the same time (A.D. 62), near the close of Paul's first imprisonment at Rome.

WHERE? HERE!

"Do that which lies nearest you," or, as the more ancient phrase puts it, "Do the next thing," is an injunction often repeated to those who, dreaming of well-doing, never know exactly where to put their hand to it. When Edison, the inventor, was a very poor young man, walking the streets in search of work, he walked into a stockbroker's office. The telegraph record-machine was out of order, and nobody could make it work. Instead of pleadng his case in general statements, he simply asked whether he might try his hand on the faulty machine. He was permitted, and was successful. This was the turning-point in his career toward fortune. He not only had knowledge and skill enough to make a machine go, but he had wit enough to perceive the opportunity just at his hand. Some things are difficult to perceive just because they are so close to us. But this is all the more reason why we should look for them,

INSTRUCTION DRILL.

Duties of Masters to Their Servants.

Masters must always remember that God holds them responsible for doing unto their servants as they would their servants should do unto them if their places were to be reversed; that is, if they, the masters, were the servants, and the servants were the masters.

This means that masters and mistresses shall pay their servants reasonable wages, giving them a fair share in the profits of the labor. A master has not done his duty to his servant by simply paying him customary wages if he can well afford to pay more.

This means a reasonable demand for labor on the part of the master. It is cruel to exact more work and longer hours than servants can render consistent with health and other requirements.

This means that masters must deal fairly and honestly with their servants, irrespective of the returns of profit and labor the servants may make. That is to say, supposing you have a servant who does not do all the work he is able to do and that he ought to do, that is no excuse for your not paying him as fairly as you reasonably can.

You have a right to expect that your servants shall do their duty to you irrespective of your treatment to them, and your servants have a right to expect the same treatment from you. Your kindness and generosity may win them over to a more industrious and whole-hearted service.

Salvation Soldier masters and mistresses, too, should manifest reasonable anxiety about the food and lodging and health of their servants. They must not be like the worldlings, who get all they can out of their servants, and care little or nothing where they sleep or what they eat or drink. With some masters we fear there is not as much care in this direction as there is for their cattle. They go to their mansions and leave their servants to their hovels, without even a thought.

Salvation Soldier masters must care for their servants when they are sick or enfeebled with age, and not be led away with the example of worldling masters, with whom it is quite a common thing to turn their servants on to the streets when worn out in their service, or to send them to the hospitals when sick, to be tended by strangers—caring nothing about their sicknesses or sorrows so that they are not troubled with them. Salvation Soldiers must not act after this fashion.

The heathen treatment of many domestic servants is simply dreadful. Their work is often worse than negro slavery, seven days' drudgery, with little or no relief except a night out in the week, and that always grudging and often denied. All this must be impossible to Salvation Soldiers. They must do by their servants as they would be done by.

A Salvation master must care for the souls of his servants, arranging for them to attend meetings, and seeking in every way to bring them to God.

"Ah," said a professed atheist to me one day, "when I accepted the Gospel in its simplicity and embraced, without questioning, the religion I had been taught at my mother's knee, I was happy and satisfied; but I began prying into matters that called forth questionings, and not being able to silence my mind upon certain points, I dived further and further into the mysteries, and now I believe in nothing." Not even himself, thought I, as I caught his vacant stare.

"Thou hast hid these things from the wise and the prudent and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." (Luke x. 21).—M.



Central Ontario.

Aurora.—On Friday night we had a very special meeting, being favored with a visit from some of the members of the Aurora Y.M.C.A. The Rev. Mr. Beck, of the Baptist Church, acted as chairman. They went in for a real good time and God came near and blessed our souls. Several of the young men testified telling of what great things God had done for them. One told how he had gone into sin and had become so hardened that he did not believe there was a God. But the Lord, in His great mercy, had dealt with him, and brought him back to the fold. The Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. read God's Word, after which Capt. Parker was asked to pray, and the Rev. Mr. Beck brought the meeting to a close. We went home feeling it had been good for us to be there, and one and all joined in saying, "Come again as soon as possible."—Spyer.

Barrie.—We have been favored with a five days' visit from Staff-Capt. Manton and Capt. DeBov. The meetings were very well attended, and the singing and playing of the specials were much enjoyed by all. The finances were very good, and we rejoiced over two souls seeking the Lord. We give the Staff-Captain and Captain a hearty invitation to visit our corps again.—J. McCann, Ensign.

East Ontario and Quebec.

Peterboro.—We are praising God at this corps for the wonderful work He is doing. One of the worst characters in town came out in the Sunday afternoon service, and cried to God for mercy, and not only did he get saved from the terrible habit of drinking, but also from the use of tobacco, after having been an inveterate smoker for thirty years. The following Thursday evening we had a social and instrumental treat, at the Knights of the Cross "being with us, led by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, assisted by Major Craig."

A big crowd gathered round the open-air ring, but a much larger crowd cheerfully paid cents for admission to the inside meeting. It was a grand time. Especially was the audience pleased with the drills performed by Willie and Pearl, and, like Oliver Twist of old, they cried for more. Adj. Ensign and Staff-Capt. Pace were kept very busy at the piano. We felt a little bit proud that night that we belonged to an Army that could produce such talent. We hope to have another visit very soon. Our Provincial officers, Brigadier Turner, was with us for Victoria Day. The officers of the surrounding Districts gathered in for council. At night we had a social, at which were provided ice cream and music, both items much enjoyed. Each officer testified to the saving and keeping power of God and appealed to the unsaved to turn to the Lord. The Brigadier's address on "Gold" brought the meeting to a close. There had an enjoyable day, and the picture was up to its usual standard of excellence.—W. Cor.



Mrs. Henderson,
New Glasgow.

West Ontario News.

BRIGADIER HARGRAVE AND PROVINCIAL STAFF VISIT LONDON.

On Saturday, Sunday, and Monday Brigadier and Provincial Staff, had been announced to conduct a series of meetings at London. Expectation ran high for a good time.

On Saturday night a fine crowd gathered to enjoy the miscellaneous moving picture entertainment, which whetted our appetites for the Monday night's picture, which were to illustrate the life and work of Consul Booth-Tucker.

Sunday was a good day. Our afternoon meeting in the park, however, was brought to a rather sudden end by the rain. Seeing it was the introductory meeting for the season, and having a lot of special, we felt rather disappointed.

A fine crowd greeted the Provincial Officers at night, and the memorial service for our late comrade, Daniel Kerswell was held. It was a most impressive service, with its triumphant death and entrance into the Golden City could not but make us feel that it pays to be faithful to the journey's end. The references which were made to his last days was most touching. Truly we have lost a warrior. Had he lived he would have enjoyed

winning souls for the Master. Two sought God at the end of this meeting.

The service on Sunday night was much enjoyed. Many were eager to hear about the life and work of our late Consul.

We say to Brigadier Hargrave and his travelling companions, "Come back again."

Victory.

Strathroy.—Praise God, since last report there have been three souls saved. One walked a mile or over to knee-drill, and at the close gave his heart to God. "Victory" is the motto for Strathroy; not only in getting souls saved, but in the Self-Denial effort as well. Although starting rather late, with other hindrances, yet in spite of it all the comrades have done their best, and we have been enabled by God's grace to reach our target. Hallelujah!—Lieut. O. Carter.

The North-West.

"God be With You till We Meet Again."

Portage la Prairie.—We have had Ensign Lacey and Sergt. Richardson with us for the week-end. Although no one would yield yet God was with us. The Ensign took for his subject on Sunday night "A Lump of Mud" which explained in a very simple manner. We are just through with the Self-Denial effort, and we did exceedingly well. We have just said good-bye to Ensign Downey and Sergt. Matheson, and we feel the loss very keenly. During their stay in our town God has used them wonderfully, and many souls have sought and found God. They were ever ready to lend a helping hand to a down-fallen comrade. Their lives shone out brightly for God, and He was always with them. But if we should never meet again in this world, we believe we shall meet in that bright land where there will be no more farewells. We wish them much success and God-speed in their new field of labor.—Walter J. Davis.

Jamestown, N.D.—Many things have transpired since last report, the greatest of which is the fact that souls have been saved. We are glad to report that Lieut. Eastman, after undergoing an operation, is on the way to recovery. Praise God, Ensign Mercer has been with us, and exhibited his stereoscopic views to a full house. Lieut. Plester, of Bismarck, is assisting our officers at present. Adj. Hayes has farewelled for a trip to England, and bless the Adjutant. More anon.—Corps Correspondent C. Mariett.

Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich and the Indian Contingent.

Calgary.—Saturday night we welcomed to our city Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich, Adj. Thorkildson, and his Indian braves. As we marched out the Adjutant and his Indian Contingent in their native costume headed the procession, followed by our splendid silver band, who were all in uniform. The crowd came from all directions until the streets were literally thronged with people full of interest. When we formed our parade ring we were surrounded by hundreds of people. As our Indian comrades gave their testimonies (translated to us by Adj. Thorkildson) we felt blessed in our souls, for no one could doubt the sincerity of our God-saved brethren. Their words were full of power, and the Spirit of God was in their testimony and song. When we marched back to the hall we found it almost filled, but the crowd kept pouring in and the place was soon packed. The Lieut.-Colonel conducted a beautiful limelight service, which was greatly appreciated. The Sunday meetings were attended with much blessing. The afternoon meeting was so crowded that pleasure was so delighted with the Lieut.-Colonel and his warriors that they gave over \$22 open-air collection. The crowding time was the night meeting. The band played the opening song, and after prayers and testimonies from our Indian comrades, the Lieut.-Colonel took for his subject, "A short cut to fortune," and for over forty-five minutes he poured forth the untarnished truth, and we felt every word came from his heart. It was not something he had read, but real, original straight talk that pierced the hearts of the sinners who wept their way to the cross of Calvary. Many sinners were wounded, and for about six months, giving God the praise for the way in which they have been helped and blessed us. We have also had to say good-bye to Cand. S. Milley, who has volunteered to work for God here in the West, and the Garrison. Our prayers go with him. We were pleased to have with us on Sunday our old friend, Lieut. Newbury, from Morton's Harbor.—Scribbler.

Newfoundland News.

"We Must Part, but Not Forever."

Exploits.—Once again the time has rolled round when we must say good-bye to our brave leaders Capt. Crew and Lieut. Feltz, after laboring together for about six months, giving God the praise for the way in which they have helped and blessed us. We have also had to say good-bye to Cand. S. Milley, who has volunteered to work for God here in the West, and the Garrison. Our prayers go with him. We were pleased to have with us on Sunday our old friend, Lieut. Newbury, from Morton's Harbor.—Scribbler.

To relieve the pain of burns and scalds, make carbonate of soda into a paste with cold water, and apply evenly to the affected parts. Cover with rag or lint and the effect will be most soothing.

Eastern Province News.

CONGRESS STRING BAND AT HOULTON.

On Saturday the Congress String Band, led by Staff-Capt. McLean, arrived in Houlton. One of their number, Ensign Martin, we are sorry to say, was taken ill at Eastport, and did not return to St. John. Saturday evening found a large number of soldiers at the open-air meeting, which was listened to by a large crowd and with his voice (also his guitar) to sing a solo, an organ-grinder appeared on the scene, which seemed to frustrate the Captain's plans; but the Saved Dutchman, who seems to be equal to nearly every emergency, stepped into the ring, and with a voice noted for strength and quality soon put the organ-grinder to flight. Glory be to God! Resist the devil and he will flee from you. Sunday was a glorious day. Knee-drill well attended, and at holiness meeting four were found at the mercy seat. The afternoon and night meetings were held in the Music Hall, and large crowds were present. Capt. Urquhart, the indefatigable violinist, fairly captivated the audiences with vocal and instrumental solos, although at times he nearly ran out of breath. Oh, my, Lieut. Smith and Lieut. Selig can do their part and think of no hardship. Congress String Band will always be welcome visitors to Houlton. Finances were excellent, soldiers fought bravely. The band left on Monday for Woodstock. More anon.—A. B.

JUST AS GOOD AS EVER.

It is a lot to say, but "facts are chiefs that winna ding." The tour of Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, Ensign Martin and Capt. Riley has been an unqualified success. Crowds, finances, and results compare favorably with any series of meetings ever held in Bermuda. St. George's exceeded itself in every way. At its opening, the new barracks in Somerset was packed, while outside hundreds crowded round the windows and door. We have ever been pleased with our new building, and already it is bearing good fruit and souls are getting saved. Hurlers' Surroundings are changed, and crowds are changed, and Somerset is extended to the top. A hearty welcome is extended to all to come again.—A. C.

Glad Tidings.

Stellarton, N.S.—We are glad to report that God is helping us in this part of the battlefield. Self-Denial proved a grand success. The soldiers worked hard, God bless them. On Sunday night we had a special service, when Louisa Beatrice, the little daughter of Brother and Sister Hayes, was dedicated to the Lord and the Army. On Tuesday night the power of God was felt in our midst, and, as the Scripture, "Jesus invites you here," a backslider accepted the invitation and returned to the fold, making his heart for God and the Army. We give God the glory and press forward to greater things. Victories are won for Jesus Christ, is our motto.—Capt. A. Melkie.



Bridgewater Braves.

been favored with a visit from Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, Ensign Martin, and Capt. Riley (the Congress Trio). We were all glad to see them. The people here turned out in good style and gave them a real good old Bermudian welcome. Mrs. Sharp took right hold, as she just knows how, and proved a great inspiration to us all. We are very proud of Mrs. Sharp; as our leader, we feel that she is just the right person in the right place. We would not forget our old friend, Ensign Martin, whose smiling face we were glad to see again. The Ensign spent two years and four months on our island, and during that time did her very best in trying to win the people to God. The Ensign has a warm spot in her heart for Bermuda. We are all glad to see her. Last, but not least, is Capt. Riley, who highly amused the people with his mandolin and tin-can selections. Everyone seemed to be carried away with the music and singing. The whole campaign has been a success. We had beautiful weather, good crowds, finances excellent, and best of all a large number of souls in the fountain. To God we give the glory.—Frasure Moore S. C.

Many Souls Have Found Jesus.

Parrabro.—We are still marching on to victory. The soldiers are a united band of workers, and God is blessing and rewarding their efforts. Much sorrow is felt and expressed now as our officers, Capt. and Mrs. Hargrave, are about to sail for England. They have been with us ten months, and as a corps have learned to love them very much. God has blessed us wonderfully since they have been with us, and we feel we are better men than when for knowing such consecrated officers. Self-Denial is the thing of the past now; our target was smashed to pieces. Last Sunday we had an enrolment of soldiers, when four precious souls proved to fight for God under the dear old flag. Almost 230 souls have seen the penitent form during the last ten months, and we believe that most of them are going on to be true followers of Jesus. To God we give all the glory. May God bless Capt. and Mrs. Hargrave in their new field of labor.—Max.



Brother Thos. Stanton,
Promoted to Glory from
Chatham, Ont., April
24th, 1904.

was a most impressive service, with its triumphant death and entrance into the Golden City could not but make us feel that it pays to be faithful to the journey's end. The references which were made to his last days was most touching. Truly we have lost a warrior. Had he lived he would have enjoyed

From Toronto to Victoria.

With "The Red Man" to the Coast, and Back with the Native Congress-Contingent.

Notes by Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich.

With the limited time at my disposal, the number of places to be visited could only be a few, but the results of the tour as a whole have been most gratifying. I think a much better understanding of our missionary work has been created and a great deal of sympathy for it aroused. Then I was enabled to make final arrangements for the establishment of an industrial enterprise in our native settlement on the Skeena River, Glen Vowell. Last, but not least, I brought back with me five representatives of our native mission field—Adj. Thorkildson and four soldiers. More about them later on.

A humble beginning of the tour was made at Tweed. In spite of the pouring rain a goodly crowd turned out. Ottawa, Sudbury, and Rat Portage followed. In each place those who were present were pleased with the views projected, and in spite of unfavorable conditions, the financial results were very fair. Winnipeg did well, and would have done better had not a heavy rain interfered somewhat with the attendance.

A little diversion was caused at Moosomin. Our work there for some reason has been unsatisfactory, and I had been told not to expect an overwhelming audience. I came quite prepared, therefore, for a small crowd, but not prepared for what did happen. Just when I was about to begin and the people began to come, the City Clerk (I think they term the place a city) paid me his respects and asked for a license fee of \$5 before the "entertainment" could proceed. Seeing that it was a missionary meeting, and that such a request had never been made anywhere before, I declined to pay, with thanks, and packed up, after refunding the admission fee to those present, and went on my way rejoicing to Moose Jaw, where I spent a profitable Sunday and Monday.

At Vancouver I found Adjts. Gosling and Thorkildson and three native soldiers awaiting my arrival. Adj. Smith, from Alaska, also reached Victoria on Friday. The coming together of the three District Officers afforded me an opportunity to fully discuss a number of important business questions, also some contemplated advances. These officers are indeed wrapped up in their charge, and eager to push on the war.

Adj. Gosling, with wife and family and Lieut. Halpenny, has moved to Port Essington, where a good work is going on. We are now building an officers' quarters and also are conducting a school for the children of our people there. Adj. and Mrs. Gosling will remain at Port Essington during next winter, and new officers are proposed to be sent to Port Simpson in the fall.

Adj. Smith is moving for the summer to Haines, to look after our corps there. Mrs. Smith and the bairn have spent a few days in Skagway for "a change" in place of "a rest."

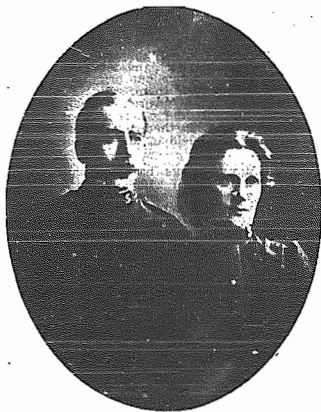
The three native soldiers assisted in some special meetings at Victoria and Vancouver, where their picturesque costumes aroused much notice; in fact, all along the line the march has been very helpful in announcing the meetings.

Adj. Thorkildson, when dressed up in dancing aprons, jingling leggings, with bear-skin crown and medicine charms, looks altogether a formidable being, fearfully and wonderfully made up.

Revelstoke had an exciting experience in store for us. The funeral of our aged Brother Palmer had to be observed. We paid the last respects to the remains of our comrade in the afternoon. After a good meeting at night another comrade was hurt in a runaway in front of the barracks. Lastly, the fire-bell rang, and in a conflagration which might have been disastrous had it been windy, but on that calm night destroyed several buildings, a child of six years lost its life. An eventful day, indeed.

Calgary was a record week-end. The fine band in new uniform and with shining instruments, recently purchased, turned out well. A record open-air collection amounting to over \$22 was given in the afternoon. Three souls came forward on Sunday night. The barracks is too small for the crowds that attend Sunday evenings, Adj. Slote tells me.

Medicine Hat, Regina, Portage la Prairie, Port Arthur, Fort William, and North Bay were visited in turns. The week-end was spent at Port Arthur. In every place the natives created quite a stir and a profitable time was spent. At Regina a neat, little, new barracks had just been opened the day before we arrived. At Portage la Prairie the new officers had not yet arrived, leaving us in undisputed possession. The fine Methodist



Adj. and Mrs. Sims,
J. S. Secretaries for the Central Ontario Province.

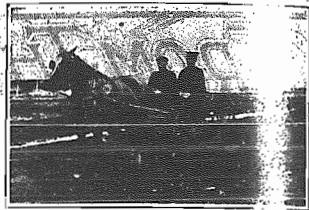
Church was kindly loaned us for the occasion at Fort William.

The collection of curios which Adj. Thorkildson explains in his own terse fashion never fails to attract much attention. There are the fire sticks (before matches were known on the Skeena River), the medicine charms, doctor's rattle, dancing robes, old fur-wearing articles, stone knife, murderous tools, gambling sticks, mysterious whistles, and many other articles too numerous to mention. If he comes your way be sure and attend his meetings.

One of the natives, who had never been to a "white man's town" before, freely told of his first impressions. John was a big man among his own people, before conversion, but has been a Salvationist now for twelve years. He had never seen a train before, and had his own sensation when he had his first ride. "Twelve times we went into the ground before I went to sleep," he said, referring to the tunnels we passed through in British Columbia, "and I don't know how many times we went into the earth while I was asleep."

The B. C. Indians have no word for railroad, and they call it in their language, "Steamboat on land." John thought the engineer would have a hard time to keep on the tracks at night, with only a few inches to spare on the narrow roadbed in the mountains, and he felt a little nervous about it.

The flat prairie, without tree, mountain, or



Capt. Bristol and His Lieutenant Collecting for Self-Denial in the North-West.

sea, looked a "queer country" to him, but he felt "strong-hearted" again when he saw the woods, lakes, and rocks at Lake Superior. They are children of nature indeed.

Two soldiers from Port Essington joined us at Port Arthur. They took the place of a married couple with one child, who had started to come, but was on account of their child taking sick had to return. Our two new comrades fitted in well and swelled our numbers for the march.

We had a splendid wind-up at North Bay. Ensign McNaney had engaged the Opera House, while Ensign Downey and her Lieutenant, who stayed off there on their way east, helped us splendidly with the musical program. Most places visited have given us a hearty invitation to return, and I feel assured of a good crowd should Adj. Thorkildson and his party find time to stop off any place on their return journey.

CONTRARY WINDS.

Sailors show their best skill, and the real ability of their ships, by using the winds that blow against them. And lives can learn to go forward by the forces which would pull them backward, or upward by the forces which would draw them down. Demosthenes' oratory was the better because he had to overcome the difficulty of a faltering speech. The surpassing marvel of Beethoven's music was in part due to the fact that he had to overcome what would have been to many the insurmountable difficulty of his deafness. When the way is easy there is more danger of loitering than when it is hard. It is the providence and wisdom of God that sends many obstacles. We may look most confidently for our guardian angel in the things which seem adverse. Many wise men have proved their strength, like Samson of old, by carrying off the gates that were locked against them.

DANDRUFF.

Dandruff is an accumulation of epithelial scales from the scalp, together with dried oil and dust. The scalp, like other parts of the skin, is the superficial layers continually, but if the hair is thick, or the functions of the skin active, the scales may be heaped up. If the hair is thick it should be kept rather short. Wash once a week with hot water, and use castile soap, or better, the spirits of green soap. The latter should be rubbed well into the scalp and allowed to remain on for five minutes. Then rub into a lather. Wash off with very hot water and douche with cold. In the morning apply the following lotion: Rosemary, three drachms; castor oil, three drachms; oil of lavender, six drops; rectified spirits to make eight ounces.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

OFFICERS, soldiers, and others, who have no arrangements for your trip, or purchasing your tickets, don't forget that we have facilities for handling all lines of transportation. We act as Agents for Steamship Lines, etc. It will be to your advantage to write the Secretary, Transportation Department, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.



Henry Diedrickson,
The first convert of the Salvation Army in Alaska.

"Yis, Me Dear!"

An Old Woman Now Earns Her Own Living After Stealing for Many Years.

There are two ways of dealing with a problem. You may ignore its existence, or you can summon all your moral force and grapple with it to the best of your ability. The Slum Lieutenant of whom I write had not yet got to the point of doing either. When one is only eighteen one doesn't "ignore" anything, life is too tremendous an affair, and the power of grappling is not fully developed. She tossed off the plain, black-ribboned hat, pushed back the curly hair from her hot forehead, and surveyed "the Problem" with troubled eyes.

It was late; the little slum congregation had long gone their devious ways, all but a couple, who lingered around the door to say "Good-night!" The one evil-smelling, flaring oil-lamp lit up the small room weirdly. At the foot of the "altar," to wit, a rough deal bench, squatted the girl and her Problem. The Problem wriggled, and grunted, and sniffed, and wiped its nose and its bleary eyes on the tail-end of a dirty cotton gown; incidentally, too, it smelled horribly of dirt and stale gin.

The girl from whose round face care had smoothed every dimple, looked and sighed.

"Gran, dear," she said hesitatingly, "you know what it means when you come out and kneel down here?"

There was no note of hesitation in the Problem's glib, "Yis, me dear!"

It was so very glib that the girl sighed again.

The Problem.

Silence fell upon the little room, broken only by the prolonged sniffs of the pocket-handkerchief-less Problem.

"You have come to God with all your sin, and ask Him to wash it away, and keep you doing His will?"

"Yis, me dear," answered the Problem as glibly as before, hunting about for a dry spot on the gown end.

She was a Problem, and one that would have puzzled wiser heads than the curly brown one of the little girl fresh from home and school, who by force of unforeseen contingencies had been left for a week or so at the first stage of her career in sole charge of the tiny slum station. From time immemorial problems such as the one now confronting the girl have been the despair of the philanthropic and Christian world of workers since philanthropy first existed.

Here it squatted, the Problem personified. More than half a century of evil living, with a long jail record to boot, could be laid to the Problem's account. They had been easy and pleasant years, too; thieving—clever thieving that is—possesses certain enjoyments and allurements unknown to the prosaically-honest citizen. If, as wise and learned folk assure us, it is difficult to change one's way of life after forty, what must it be at seventy-six? Impossible! Some would unhesitatingly answer, "Yes!"

The Crafty Old Face.

"I wonder how much she understands," the girl said to herself, looking into the crafty old face with its shifty, bleared, blue eyes.

"Gran, dear," she said, bravely tackling the Problem again, "you have fully made up your mind to give up your sin?"

"In spite of the fact that 'sin' meant 'livelihood' to the Problem, she replied as glibly as heretofore, "Yis, me dear, yis," adding, as though conscious of the monotony of the refrain, "I feels a sight better already, I does."

"Whatever shall I do?" thought the poor little woman to herself. "I wonder if she knows in the least what conversion really means? Ten to one, she'll go straight out and get drunk again."

To the Problem she said, laying a little soft hand on the wrinkled, grimy one near by:

"But, Gran, do you quite understand that getting converted means giving up sin and living an honest life?"

"Oh, yis me dear," came the ready answer, with its addenda, "I feels better."

A Ruthless Inquisitor.

"And," pursued the ruthless little inquisitor, "what are you going to do when you leave here—to-morrow, say? Will it be any different with you?"

For the first time a glimmer of light—real light—flickered into the Problem's old eyes, as she said, though in the same glib old easy way, "Yis, me dear; yis, I'll 'arn me livin'."

Hope sprang to life in the heart of the earnest little woman as she murmured to herself, "Thank God, she does understand something!" In her youthful enthusiasm she jumped up and actually kissed that vilely dirty old face, crying:

"Why, that's beautiful, Gran! God will help you! What will you do?"

"Donno, me dear," grunted and puffed the Problem, struggling to her feet, assisted by the girl. (It is not so easy to squat on a hard floor at seventy-six as it is at eighteen.) "Donno," she remarked again as she tottering and painfully sought for her balance.

The girl kissed her again, and tucking her under her arm proceeded to see her safely to the damp, dirty basement known for lack of a more descriptive name as "home." Ah! well had little curly head learned the seductive and potent influence of a corner public-house!

Had there been a Women's Shelter in those days the girl would not have lain awake half the night racking her brains over a new aspect of the Problem.

To my mind the weak point in the average Christian philanthropy is the unreasoning dividing line made between the soul and the body. There seems to be no middle course between pauperizing the protegee or ignoring its physical claims altogether. Platitudes, even pious platitudes, and good advice, never yet comforted, and warmed, and filled, a human stomach. The average pauper prefers, if not exactly to beg, to get a living easily instead of "grubbing" for it. It is not a case of "root, hog, or die" with them, as with the respectable poor. "Rooting" with the workless or vicious, stands for one or two things—either there is absolutely no other way of satisfy immediate needs, or it is the first step on a higher plane.

Set Her Wits to Work.

The girl, tossing on her narrow bed amid the horrid babel of a city slum, recognized this last force beginning to work in the case of her Problem. She was an intelligent girl as well as a good one, and had been trained to use her head as well as her heart. The school formula of "use your head, my dear, use your head," when a seemingly abstruse arithmetical or logical problem presented itself, came to her aid now.

First, she again studied carefully the question presented to her for solution. Here was an old woman, seventy-five or more years old, who from her infancy had been trained in evil, and who had never done a day's honest work in her life.

At this eleventh hour she had been led to recognize the evil of her ways—a tremendous step for her. But she had taken yet another step forward, and of her own free will—risen to her old legs to signify that she desired to be a Christian. That she fully understood (thanks to the clear teaching of the Slum Officers) what this meant was evidenced by her determination to "arn her own living." The girl, young as she was, was fully of the opinion that "man is largely composed of stomach."

The Problem had got to be fed; if she wasn't fed what chance was there for her to keep good? Elijah was a better and more pious man after the ravens had ministered to him. Then, in order to preserve the tiny seedling of self-respect, the Problem, somehow or other, must feed herself. Hers was not a case of ravens; she must, as she said herself, "arn her own livin'." But how?

How, how, how? That was the question

that kept the brown eyes open till far, far into the small hours. Two shillings would set her up in a little business, the girl said to herself. But she hadn't a florin in the world, and the slum finances were as near nil as is compatible with a bare living and keeping out of bankruptcy. While she was collecting two shillings the Problem might be getting drunk, or the Problem's many disreputable friends have lured her to evil.

"O Lord," she prayed, "help me! Thou knowest I don't know what on earth to do for her; help me!" And in the sweet confidence that "man's extremity is God's opportunity," and that He would not fail her, she rolled over and fell fast asleep.

She was up at an early hour next morning, and after she had completed her toilet, pulled out her trunk and began to hunt for something of a marketable nature with which to set her Problem up in business. But among all her scanty belongings there wasn't "a mortal thing," as she said, but a couple of shoe-laces. That was absolutely and entirely all.

"No use," ninety-nine per cent. of us would have said, but not so my resolute little heroine, who dropped them into her apron pocket, remarking, "Well, thank God, that's something."

Grannie Established in Business.

"Oh, oh, oh!" A genuine girlish squeal resounded through the kitchen as on opening the cupboard door she came upon two or three consumptive-looking oranges—a gift from some friendly huckster. "My!" she exclaimed, "how could I forget these? How splendid! We're getting on; we're getting on!"

A little later, as she put away the remains of her frugal breakfast, some pieces of stale bread suggested a new idea to her fertile little brain, and another squeal of delight and a dance around the kitchen ensued.

"Of course, of course!—bread, flour, a tiny piece of suet, a few currants, and I can make one of those flat bread puddings like mother's, and Gran can sell it at a ha'penny a slice!"

For the next half hour cookery was the order of the day, and as the girl worked she filled the small room with song.

The pudding was a success, as far as such concoctions go, and, packing a basket, she hid her with her solution to the Problem.

"Well, Gran, how are you?" she asked, as she entered the dingy room.

"Yis, me dear, yis," repeated Gran as per last night, "I feels a lot better, I do."

The Problem, as is the nature of problems, was reserved and non-communicative, or else she, too, could have told of a sleepless night, haunted by the question of how to begin life all over again at seventy-five.

"Have you thought out anything yet?" asked the girl, her brown eyes shining with suppressed merriment, and her dimples all to the fore again.

"No, me dear, no!" replied the Problem; "but," and the light of last evening flickered in her eyes, "but I'll 'arn me livin', I will."

The girl set down her basket and clapped her hands, and then she unpacked it and her plans at the same time.

Fortunately the small basement window was above the street level, and for the next half hour the girl and her Problem were busy cleaning the filthy panes and setting out their wares, which were tempting and appetizing-looking, indeed, to the small fry of slumdom.

Then they knelt down and the girl asked God to bless this business enterprise so that Gran might be enabled to live an honest life. And God answered that prayer. The Problem "sold out" that day, and as every farthing was pure profit she had, after providing herself with food and laying a few ha'pence by "towards the rent," something to invest in new stock.

Under the wise financial management of the Lieutenant the business prospered, and the Problem was soon a Problem no longer, but a respectable, God-fearing old woman, "arnin' her own livin'."

According to my best knowledge of her she was a credit to the little slum corps, of which she was an honorable and respected soldier. —Eileen Douglas.



Tuberculous Meningitis.

This is a form of inflammation of the brain which occurs especially in scrofulous individuals. It seems to be one of the manifestations of the hereditary taint acquired from tuberculous parents—a taint which sometimes appears in the constitution, sometimes as diseases of the joints, and sometimes inflammation of the brain.

This variety of meningitis occurs chiefly in children, though it has been known to affect adults also. Its development is not sudden, as is the case with other inflammation of the brain, but comes on slowly and gradually. There is usually pain in the head, especially in the forehead. During this time the child becomes somewhat pale and emaciated, the appetite is impaired, the temper becomes irritable, and there is a loss of the usual disposition for amusement and exercise. An early symptom, sometimes a prominent one, is vomiting; there is usually some fever, though not sufficient to attract attention. The pain in the head is perhaps the most prominent symptom in children old enough to walk, who frequently complain of this symptom, and who carry the hands to the head.

The child is usually sensitive to light and sound, prefers the dark and quiet room. In consequence of the pain in the head, the child usually acquires the habit of frowning to avoid the light; the face is often flushed and sometimes it may be noticed that the countenance becomes pale and flushed in rapid succession. In younger children convulsions are observed.

Later in the disease the children become drowsy and stupid, there is less suffering from headache, and the eyes are less sensitive. The patient becomes quite stupid, and answers questions reluctantly or not at all; any attempt at conversation is apt to be incoherent and imperfect.

The pupils of the eyes become larger and do not contract when exposed to a bright light, as they do when in health. Sometimes irregular movements of the eyes are observed, and a squint is frequently developed; during sleep the child closes the eyes but partially. Eign may be imperceptible, even though sometimes there is paralysis of one side of the face, or of the entire body. Finally the patient becomes unconscious. Convulsions may occur at short intervals and a fatal issue.

The duration of the disease varies from one to four weeks, and it appears to be invariably fatal. Cases, it is true, have been reported in which recovery occurred; but it is probable that they were not tuberculous meningitis, but of some other kind of affection. If there is no mistake in the diagnosis, treatment is futile; the most that can be done is to relieve the patient's suffering.

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Spinal Meningitis.

This is an inflammation of the membranes which surround the spinal cord as it lies enclosed in the backbone. It is a rare disease, because the spinal cord is not usually confined to the original location, but extends to the brain or the spinal cord, as the case may be.

Symptoms.—There is pain along the entire length of the spinal column, radiating to the extremities, and aggravated by movements of the body; there is extreme sensitiveness of the entire surface of the body, so that the least touch, or even the wave of a fan will cause the patient to complain.

It is impossible for him to endure the weight of the bedclothes. In a few days the muscles in different parts of the body become stiff and rigid, and there may be spasmodic contraction of the limbs.

The disease runs a rapid course, rarely lasting more than a week, and usually terminating fatally. In the few cases that recover there is apt to remain distortions of the limbs.

OUR HISTORY CLASS

V.—THE ENGLISH.

Chapter VIII.

WILLIAM II., RUFUS.—A.D. 1087-1100.

William the Conqueror was obliged to let Normandy fall to Robert, his eldest son; but he thought he could do as he pleased about England, and he had no son for himself. So he sent off his second son, William, to England, with his ring to Westminster, giving him a message that he hoped the English would have him for the king. And they did take him, though they would hardly have done so if they had known what he would be like when he was left to himself. But while he was kept under by his father, they only knew that he had red hair and a rufous face, and had more sense than his brother Robert. He is sometimes called the Red King, but more commonly William Rufus. Things went worse than ever with the poor English in his time; for, at least, William the Conqueror had made everybody mind the law; and now, William Rufus let his cruel soldiers do just as they pleased. They would come into the farms, have the best of everything set before them, and misuse the people, carry off whatever they pleased, and spoil what they did not want. It was no use to complain, for the king would only laugh and make jokes. He did not care for God or man; only for being powerful, for feasting, and for hunting.

Just at this time there was a great stir in Europe. Jerusalem—that holy city, where our blessed Lord had crucified, where He had been crucified, and where He had risen from the dead—was a place where everyone wished to go and worship, and this they called going on pilgrimage. A beautiful church had once been built over the sepulchre where our Lord had lain, and enriched with gifts. But for a long time past Jerusalem had been in the hands of an Eastern people, who think their false prophet, Mohammed, greater than our blessed Lord. These Mohammedans used to rob and ill-treat the pilgrims,

and make them pay great sums of money for leave to come into Jerusalem. At last a pilgrim, named Peter the Hermit, came home, and got leave from the Pope to try and wake up all the Christian princes and knights to go to the Holy Land, and fight to get the Holy Sepulchre back into Christian hands again. He used to preach in the open air, and the people who heard him were so stirred up that they all shouted out, "It is God's will! It is God's will!" And each who undertook to go and fight in the East received a cross cut out in cloth, red or white, to wear on his shoulder. Many thousands promised to go on this crusade, as they called it, and among them was Robert, Duke of Normandy. But he had wasted his money, so that he could not fit out an army to take with him. So he offered to try up Normandy to his brother William while he was gone, if William would let him have the money he wanted. The Red King was very ready to make such a bargain, but he laughed at the crusaders, and thought they were wasting their time and trouble.

They had a very good man to lead them, named Godfrey de Bouillon, and, after many toils and troubles, they did gain Jerusalem, and could kneel, weeping, at the Holy Sepulchre. It was proposed to make Robert King of Jerusalem, but he would not accept the offer, and Godfrey was made king instead, and stayed to guard the holy places, while Duke Robert set out on his return home.

In the meantime the Red King had gone on in as fierce and ungodly a way as ever, laughing good advice to scorn, and driving away the good Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Anselm, and every one else who tried to warn him or withstand his wickedness. One day, in the year 1100, he went out to hunt deer in the New Forest, which his father had wasted, laughing and jostling in his rough way. By-and-by he was found lying on his back, with an arrow through his heart; and a wood-wort took up his body in his cart, and carried it to Winchester Cathedral, where it was buried.

No one knew the arrow word, and nobody ever will know. Some thought it must be a knight, named Walter Tyrell, to whom the king had given three long good arrows that morning. He rode straight away to Southampton, and went off to the sea, where he tried to earn his money as a sailor, but the king's death. But he never seems to have told anyone, whether it was only an accident, or a murder, or who did it. Anyway, it was a fearful end, for a nobleman to die in his sin, without a moment to repent and pray.



USEFUL INFORMATION FOR ALL.

A cup of coffee may be made very nourishing if a well-beaten egg is stirred into it, and a little cream added. Mix together the egg, sugar, and cream, then pour in the hot coffee gradually, whipping it with a silver fork. Taken in this way the coffee is almost as good as a meal to an invalid.

Gilt frames may be cleaned as follows: Mix with a pint of water enough flowers of sulphur to give it a golden tinge; add this to four bruised onions, and boil for an hour and a half. Pour off the liquid, strain it, and let it stand till quite cold. Apply with a soft brush to the dull frame, and it will be much improved.

After using a frying-pan for onions or fish, it is sometimes hard to remove the smell, but it is imperative that this should be effected, otherwise the next article cooked in the pan will undoubtedly have an added taste. Vinegar is one of the best things for removing the unpleasant odor. It should be put in the frying-pan immediately after use, and allowed to heat over the fire.

A shampoo mixture. Make a froth of toilet soap, beat into this the yolk of an egg and a desertspoonful of spirits of rosemary.

Put a sprained ankle at once into hot water for ten minutes. Afterwards, if the pain is severe, apply a bran bag dipped into hot vinegar.

If raisins and currants are rolled in flour before using them in cakes or puddings and then added at the last they will not sink to the bottom.

A couple of coats of white enamel paint on the shelves of the pantry do away with the necessity for shelf paper, and the result is much more satisfactory.

To make a camphor ball, melt together two ounces of hard, two ounces of white wax and half an ounce of powdered camphor. When cold it is ready for use.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; behind, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: *Commissioner of the British Consulate, 10, St. James's Place, London, W.C.* In case of emergency, fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a missing person is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, send a change of one dollar, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and send the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

4486. GEORGE, CHARLES. Age 55 years, miner. Left Whitehill, Arizona, for Dawson City in 1898. Last heard of in Dawson four years ago.

4485. CORNICH RICHARD. Age 37, height 6 ft. black hair, brown eyes, dark complexion, laborer. Seven years ago he was at Monte Christo Gold Mine, Seattle, U.S.A.

4487. Information wanted of JOHN or MARY DEWITT, who were at one time soldiers of the Orillia corps.

4488. THORN, MATTHEW JOHN. Age 26. Left New Harbour, Trinity Bay, Nfld., six years ago. Was last heard of at Colorado Springs one year ago.

4489. WILSON, THOMAS. Left Guelten, County Kilkenny, Ireland, fifty years ago. (When last heard of was living in or near Toronto, Ont.)

4490. CLARK, GEO. ALFRED. Age 33, height 5 ft. 11 in., dark hair turning grey, brown eyes, ruddy complexion. Is supposed to have left England about the middle of April, 1894.

4491. SMITH, GEORGE (alias Brown, or Shepard). Age 27, height 5 ft. 5 in., light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, scar on his forehead and another on his neck. Farm laborer.

4492. SETON, NELSON. Age 50, tall, dark complexion, hair turning grey, mark on his nose. Wife and children very anxious to hear from him.

4494. ALLAN, AGNES. Tall, dark complexion. Was last heard of at Helena, Mont., ten years ago.

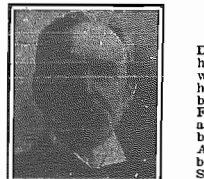
4497. RAMSAY, ROBERT S., who left Winnipeg for Brandon about the middle of March of this year should write the above address at once, or anyone knowing his whereabouts kindly communicate with us.

4498. FAWCETT, MARY ANN. Will Mary Ann Fawcett, wife of the late Thomas N. Fawcett, who was a soldier in India, and who enquired for her son, Andrew N. Fawcett, in the Kingston Whig, about seven years ago, write the above address?

4483. CAMPBELL, BISMARCK. Age 37, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 135 lbs.; black hair turning grey, black eyes. Last heard of two years ago at Rogers Pass, B.C., where he was a lineman on the C.P.R.

4500. HOLBROOK, ARTHUR. Age 26 years, height 5 ft. 10 in., miner. Left England six years ago. Last heard from at Vananda Post Office, B.C.

(Second Insertion.)



4479. DUNLOP, DAVID. Age 60 years, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 135 lbs., sandy hair now turning grey, blue eyes, carpenter. Four years ago he was at Oakland, Cal. Had been in the Spanish-American war. May be in North-Western States.

4480. STERLING, PERCY L. Age 19 years, height 5 ft. 4 in., weight 130 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, cut on left forearm, little finger crippled, cowboy. Two years ago he was at Kneehill Creek, Calgary, N.W.T.

4482. McRAE, HARRY and WIFE (Eliza). Last heard of in June, 1893, and were at one time soldiers of the Roseland corps.

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SONGS OF THE WEEK

GIVE TO JESUS.

By A. Rowan.

Tune.—Will ye nae Come Back Again.

Will you not to Jesus give,
Worldly pleasures spurning,
Heart and life? Then look and live,
From your idols turning.

Chorus.

Jesus died to set you free,
Cleanse and sanctify you;
Will you now His follower be?
He will satisfy you.

Joys in fulness will be yours,
In His presence living,
Peace throughout the countless hours
Will to you be given.

Gift of love, the Spirit's power,
Will be your possession;
For His lost ones every bow
Making intercession.

Second Chorus.

Jesus now will set you free,
Give Thy soul full liberty,
And your battle-cry shall be:
"Faith in Christ brings victory!"

TWAS ON THE CROSS.

Tunes.—It was on the Cross (N.B.B. 8); Thy Will be Done (N.B.B. 18).

Whole-hearted for Thy service, Lord,
Now consecrate us fully Thine;
May every action, thought, and word
Be subject to Thy will divine!

Chorus.

It was on the cross He shed His blood,
It was there He was crucified;
But He rose again and He lives in my heart,
Where all is peace and perfect love.

Oh, cleanse our hearts and keep us pure
From stains of sin and earthly dress;
Help us, Thy soldiers, to endure,
And glory only in the cross.

Strong in Thy love's victorious might,
Jesus! Thou Lamb of Calvary,
With garments white and armor bright,
Oh, lead us on to victory.

Unbounded confidence we place
In Thee, our Saviour, Lord, and
King;
The pure in heart shall see Thy face
And praise to Thee for ever sing,
Arthur Gibby.

BLESSED REDEEMER.

By Capt. L. A. Pattenden.

Tunes.—Beautiful River; I Will Guide Thee.

When in sin's way His love sought
And found me,
He spoke with a voice so tender and
sweet,
Saying, "Give Me thine heart; I'll give
thee a Kingdom—
Salvation, full, present; salvation
complete.

Chorus.

Blessed Redeemer, blessed Redeemer,
Dying on Calvary to save even me;
Blessed Redeemer, blessed Redeemer,
Dying on Calvary that all may go
free.

Thorns they were pierced and nails
they were driven,
The spear it was thrust in His
hateful side,
Then with deep love He cried, "It is
finished."
All may now plunge 'neath the sin-
cleansing tide.

Sinner, why spurn His now offered
mercy,
He waits in compassion sweet
peace to bestow;
Haste, haste now to free you from sin's
awful bondage,
Haste, haste then, and turn from
your darkness and woe.

Backslider, return: you are wandering
and lonely,
Out on the mountains of folly and
sin;
Christ said in His Word He'll freely
forgive thee,
He wants to receive you; oh, why
not come home?

IN THE ARMY.

Tune.—Over Jordan.

We're a happy, joyful band,
And for God we'll take our stand,
And we'll tell to all around
Jesus saves us.

From the power of sin we're free,
Jesus gives us liberty,
And true soldiers we will be
In the Army.

Chorus.

In the Army, in the Army,
We are happy as can be,
Since the Lord has set us free.
In the Army, in the Army,
And true soldiers we will be
In the Army.

God is with us every day,
Keeps and helps us on the way,
Helps us even come what may,
To be faithful.
When our fighting here is done,
And some souls for Him we've won,
We shall then receive a crown,
If we're faithful.

Capt. E. M. Chandler, Louisville, C.B.

EVER THINE.

5

Here before Thee, Lord, I'm banding,
Every barrier broken by Thy love,
And my heart that love constraining,
Love returned to Thee would prove.

Be like Thine my words and actions,
Be like Thine my motives and my aims,
So that all may see with Jesus
I have been and learnt of Him.

By Thy footsteps 'ear Redeemer,
I will take my pathway here below;
Deep in valley, high on mountain,
Anywhere with Thee I'll go.

If e'er grief my heart oppresses,
Fain and wearily bring me my cross,
May I, Saviour, Thee remember,
Who didst suffer every loss.

OH, FOR A DEEPER.

6

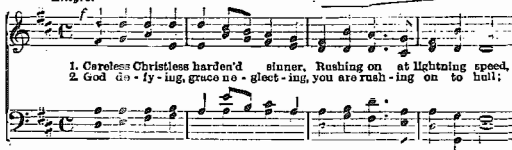
When I ponder o'er the story
Of my life's defeat and grief,
How much misery and blindness
I have caused through unbelief.
Oh, how many fights I've lost,
All for want of faith and trust!

Careless, Christless Sinner.

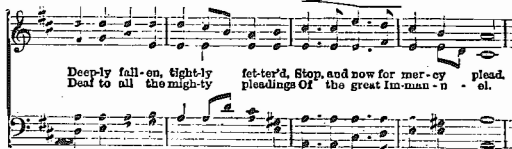
Words by Thos. McKie.

Music by R. Slater.

Allegro.



1. Careless Christless harden'd sinner, Rushing on at lightning speed,
2. God do thy - ing, grace no - glect - ing, you are rush - ing on to hell!



Deeply fall - on, tightly fet - ter'd, Stop, and now for mer - cy plead.
Deaf to all the high - ly pleadings Of the great Im - man - u - el.



mf CHORUS.
Come to the Sa - viour, His call - ing, In your sin no part - er at - ing;



When, before Him humbly fall - ing, He will wash your guilt - a - way.

3. Hasten! now implore for mercy!
Rough thou from this sinful state!
Days of grace are swiftly flying,
Do not longer hesitate.

4. God can save the vilest sinner,
There is pardon now for thee,
All your fetters may be broken,
Christ indeed can set you free.

Chorus.

Oh, for a deeper, greater, perfect trust.

Can I wonder I have faltered?
Can I be surprised to fall?
When my faith could most have saved
I have trusted least of all.
When my own resources fail,
Then His power should most prevail.

If to grace there is no limit,
Why should I be slow to plead?
If Thy power is not restricted,
Why not speak my every need?
All the riches of His throne,
Faith can make them all my own.

A DYING SOUL'S ANGUISH.

Tune.—Home, Sweet Home.

"Go bring me," said a dying child,
With anguish in her tone,
"My costly robes and jewels here,
Go bring me, every one."
They strewed them on her dying bed,
Those robes of earthly cost,
"Father," with bitterness she said,
"For these my soul was lost."

"With glorious hope I once was blest,
Nor feared the gaping tomb;
With heaven already in my breast,
I looked for heaven to come.
I heard the Saviour's pardoning voice,
My soul was filled with peace;
Father, you bought me with this toy—
I bartered heaven for these."

"Take these, they are the price of blood,
For these I lost my soul,
For these must bear the wrath of God
While ceaseless ages roll.
Remember when you look on these
Your daughter's fearful doom—
That she, her pride and time to please,
Went quaking to the tomb."

"Go bear them from my sight and touch,
Your gift I here restore;
Keep them with care, they cost you much—
They cost your daughter more.
Look at them every rolling year,
Upon my dying day,
And drop for me a burning tear."
She sighed, and sank away.

SALVATION.

Tune.—No Other Argument (N.B.B. 53).

8 Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Chorus.

We have no other argument,
We want no other plan,
'Tis quite enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for me.

Salvation! Let the echo fly
The spacious earth around!
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound!

Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

ACROSTIC.

Safe in the arms of Jesus.
The path is very narrow, but I'll follow.
Return, O wanderer, return.
Above the waves of earthly strife.
Trusting Thee ever, doubting Thee never.

He lives, I know He lives,
And us down the cleansing river.
Over on the bright golden shore.
Yea, Jesus waits to pardon you.

Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge.
At Thy feet I fall.
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Down at the Saviour's feet.

A Friend

Coming Events.

T. S. F. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Bloss.—Orillia, June 20, 21;
Kinmount, June 23; Haliburton,
June 24; Fenelon Falls, June 25,
26; Bowmanville, June 29, 30;
Oshawa, July 1, 2, 3; Brooklyn, July
5; Uxbridge, July 6; Hamilton I,
July 9, 10; Hamilton II, July 11;
Niagara Falls, July 12; Aurora,
July 14; Newmarket, July 15;
Barrie, July 16, 17; Collingwood,
July 18; Meaford, July 19.